



YACHT HAWAII AS SHE LOOKED WHEN SHE PROVED HER REAL SPEED TO WINDWARD AND OFF THE WIND BY EASILY WINNING THE 200-MILE RACE TO KAHULUI AND RETURN.

The Kahului Yacht Race

OFFICIAL TIMES OF THE YACHTS.

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Total Time.
Hawaii	23:26:42	11:54:38	35:21:20
Kamehameha	23:29:38	14:26:20	37:55:58
Concord	26:50:00	12:20:30	39:10:30
Luka	34:52:00	18:12:00	53:04:00
Gladys	26:00:00	Did not sail.	

BY JACK DENSHAM.

Some forty yachtsmen, landlubbers and other live ballast, have just recovered from having the time of their lives. Also the yacht Hawaii has again proved what she has proved before, that she is a wonder on the wind and an additional wonder with the wind over her quarter. Her race back from Kahului against a schooner, handled by a professional crew, with the wisest old owl on the islands at her helm and with a waterline length nearly twice as big as hers, in which she came in well ahead after one hundred miles of running, is clear proof that the old box can ramble just as long as the wind does not come dead aft.

Coming out of Kahului harbor on Sunday afternoon when the breeze was just fair enough to allow a course without erring on the wind, when the Hawaii mysteriously donned magic spreads of glistening canvas, piece by piece, she was a sight worth traveling far to see.

A Yacht. Every inch of her canvas, every line of her sheer, every lift of her masts as they dipped to leeward, was yacht. A poor word perhaps to describe the effect she made, but very descriptive to those who have been down to sea in freaks and have watched the bend and dip of sailing boats to the thrust of a twelve-knot breeze.

The Hawaii beat the Concord over a hundred-mile course, with the wind by her side all the way and blowing well every minute of the race. The Concord is a big schooner. She is just twice as big as the Hawaii. She was sailed by experts. She has the sweetest lines below water of any craft of her size in these seas. According to old precedent and tradition the Concord should have beaten the Hawaii handsly. She did not. Now let us all take heart of grace and, instead of talking loudly about how the yacht was sailed in the last trans-Pacific race and referring to a quaint and imbecile way to the setting of sails of which we know nothing, realize what was said by everybody who knows anything about sailing, that the Hawaii, with the wind over her quarter, can make up on any yacht of size that permits entry in the race from San Pedro to Honolulu, as clearly shown and proved by the run from Kahului to Honolulu.

A Boost for Yachting.

The race to Kahului has been one of the greatest boosts of yachting that could possibly have happened. Everybody had a good time. Everybody saw something of the real charm of getting away on the grand old ocean where hill collectors come not and nobody knows, because they are too busy enjoying themselves. Everybody who went on that trip realized that hauling on a rope in the sea air and learning to obey orders quicker than the other fellow, gets a hardness of muscle and a fullness of health that not even the golf links nor the diamond can provide.

A Magic Isle.

Maui is a wonderful island. They permit only the very best to land there, and they have to be mighty good if they stay any length of time. There are some forty yachtsmen who are honored to have not only been allowed to land, but to be entertained by the most hospitable people in the world.

It was late when we got ashore on Saturday morning—that is, late compared with the time we arrived. The train for Waikuku would leave in half an hour, and so I had to do my best in that time to send off what story I could write of the best to windward from Honolulu to Kahului.

Mr. Williams placed his office at the disposal of the newspaper men, and the typewriters were kept busy until the well came for sealing envelopes in order

to get mail on the train. Meanwhile all the other yachtsmen had come ashore and were being disposed of. Some went to the Kahului club, some went to the houses of friends, and some went to Captain Parker's house.

Parker's Open House.

I was one of the lucky ones to be among the latter. There was Eben Low, the Pirate Kid; Prince Cupid, Charlie Lewis and Admiral Beckley. They made a terrible roar about a deserter who did not sail on the Concord but had little to say after a few sly hints about the lee side of Lanai.

Before the morning was well advanced everybody was staked out for the day until the chowder at which we were all to be present in the evening. Somebody brought round automobiles and we all went to Waikuku. There we disembarked and there was a great gathering of yachtsmen and their Maui friends. Most of them went to the far end of the hotel lanai and began to play Pedro, so I went to look for a typewriter on which I could arrange a series of jingles which were expected.

"Help Yourself" on Maui.

When Honolulu people go to Maui these are the kind of directions they get. "Want a typewriter? Well, I tell you what you do, walk down the street until you find a place that makes a noise like having one and then go in and use it. What? Don't want to butt in. Aw, come off, come along with me." And in this way I was steered safely into port alongside the latest thing in Remingtons.

The jingles were constructed and then we all went down to Judge Keopuka's house. They called it a lunch but it was really a very elaborate luncheon and it seemed as though every pretty girl of Maui had come round to wait on us. Admiral Beckley made a speech, Eben Low told a story about piracy in the South Seas and Prince Cupid tried to borrow a sweater for the return trip. He said that he had three aboard the Concord but was afraid of getting cold and wanted another one.

And then the Chowder.

By 6:30 that evening everybody had gathered in the grounds of the Kahului club. Here there were tables, acetylene lamps and a mystic noise somewhere around that told of "grub." It took only a short time for all the skippers and crews to dispose themselves and then chowder appeared and lasted not very long.

Followed then the speech making. Mr. Williams acted as master of ceremonies and he called on nearly everybody to talk. Without undue comparison it must be said that Kenneth Brown made the hit of the evening. He it was who had so boldly sailed the little Gladys to Kahului and beaten the big Concord in. Shortly, humorously and almost touchingly he told of the best to windward. It was a laugh for every minute. The acme of realism was reached when he told of the lack of a pump aboard and the bucket brigade that was organized.

Beckley a Favorite.

Admiral Beckley also made a speech. It was the most genuinely applauded effort that was ever delivered. Enthusiasm reached such a point, in fact, that each noun in the admiral's speech was given three rousing cheers and the old salt sat down with the realization that he was the most popular man in the yacht club.

The crew of the Luka, headed by Captain Denny, sat together and, when mention was made of Captain Miller, there was something doing in the cheering line. They realized, more than anybody else, that it was principally due to the Miller hospitality that the

event was such a success. Unable to go himself, he put one of his skippers in charge of the Luka and bore all the expense of sending the yacht with a full crew and fully provisioned on a four days' cruise.

A Snoring Interlude.

After the chowder at the club there was a dance at Paunene, to which many of the yachtsmen were taken in autos and then everybody turned in and slept soundly—that is, some slept soundly.

Charlie Lewis and Prince Cupid occupied part of a spare room at Captain Parker's house. I was destined to occupy the other third. But old man Morpheus had been scared away. When I slipped inside that room, after returning from the dance, I was struck by a huge white mass of snore. It rolled round the room, it flopped against the walls, it knocked over the chairs and then proceeded to swell until it seemed as though all the foghorns of all the world were working overtime.

I implored the Prince to go about and lay on the other tack, I went on my knees to Charlie Lewis, and spoke of friendship. But the more I howled and the more I thundered my orders to "Bout ship and get to windward," the more they snored. No sleep, but the magnificence of that rising mass of sound was so awesome that it was worth it. Delve deep in the lower caverns of the winds, listen to the throbbing heights of an eraser, listen to the roar of the wind in a hurricane or stop your ears at the thunder of a starboard battery being fired, you will never encounter so grand, so magnificent, so overwhelming a mass of sound as those two snores.

On Sunday morning we slept and decided that the return race should start at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The members of our particular party also had a lunch prepared and served by Mrs. Parker. Some of the yachtsmen took a trip up the Lao valley and returned greatly impressed with the beauties of that famous dale.

An Awful Outrage.

It was after lunch that the great outrage was committed. It was all planned by the Pirate Kid. Beaming with the quiet satisfaction of a good lunch well eaten, smiling with the delight of one of Captain Parker's best cigars, seated on the porch and thinking how beautiful was the sunshine and the ocean, I was approached by an important individual in the uniform of a policeman.

He asked if my name was Densham. I said it was, and he immediately produced a warrant and had me handcuffed before there was a chance to do anything. I expostulated. I said I was a British subject, I called in Eben Low to intercede, but they all laughed. There I was in irons, and those miserable satellites of a pretended Nemesis jibed at me.

But the limb of the law was garbed in a heavy uniform; his victim, in light yachting clothes. I broke and ran. He followed. With the most intense delight I saw that he was laboring for breath. Then, just as I was prepared to double round a bush, a bunch of the Luka crew came up and I was rescued. They made Mr. Policeman unlock the handcuffs, and they said that they would house him in the drink if he dared to lay hands on me again. But I was taken aboard the Concord just the same.

Good Breeze for Start.

There was a fine breeze blowing when the time for the start came round. The Concord had the outside mooring, next lay the Hawaii, then the Luka, with the Kamehameha ahead of the Luka alongside a barge. The Gladys had already left early in the day.

When all yachts signaled that they were ready for the start by hoisting mainsails, the signal gun was fired from the Hawaii. There was no jockeying for the start, as there was no room inside the breakwater for the yachts to wear and tack. So each yacht took its own time, and these are the official times published above.

Sailor Sam Aboard.

There was a large lunch of heart-warming for me when I tumbled aboard the Concord. Good old Sam, the only Hawaiian in the crew of the Hawaii coming from San Pedro, was aboard as first mate. The minute he saw me he raised two fingers in the air and gave the old high sign. "Doctor Munyon, Sam," he shouted, and "Doctor Munyon, Sam," I yelled back. Then

we shook hands, and it was good to feel the grip of the best old sailor in the south seas.

Out on the Main Boom.

A digression here by way of telling something about this same Sam. They call him Jim aboard so as not to get mixed up with Captain Sam; but Sam was good enough, and Sam went. It was a case of swarming out on the boom to get the topsail outhaul that had been made fast in a place where you could not reach it. Sam jumped on the poop house and took one leap at the boom. He despised the use of the boom tackle as a foot-rope; he just naturally leaned against the mainsail and walked out along the boom. When he got near the fall he was looking for, he bulged one leg round the boom and stuck the other in the air, then he lay flat and reach for the rope. It was as pretty a piece of quick work in a nasty place as I ever want to see.

Also Sam is mate of the Concord. He can talk in six different languages at the same time and he has Hawaiians, Japs and Portuguese all knowing what to do, with him leading them. It is worth whole course in a nautical school and a trip round the Horn to hear him say "Goo' boy, Jack, goo' boy Bill. Why? Hay hoo!" and then a volley of talk in Hawaiian while he lays on to the fall of a tackle until you would think it would break.

Concord Starts First.

When we slipped the double line that was holding the Concord to the mooring buoy, the breeze was none too fresh. We slacked off the wind and then the Hawaii came after. By the time we were clear of the breakwater the Kamehameha had bowed round and the Luka came after.

It was a close haul on the wind along the rocky shore that spreads away from Kahului harbor and we kept well to windward. Captain Parker had been shanghaied aboard the schooner and he took the wheel. He certainly toiled her out of that harbor. The Hawaii went to leeward and we kept the weather berth all the way out until opposite the channel.

Leaving the Harbor.

The sweep of the land from Kahului harbor leads round at direct right angles to the prevailing wind. Ten miles from Kahului it turns abruptly to the westward and forms the southerly side of the channel between Maui and Molokai. We hoped that the Hawaii would put off before the wind and go down this channel instead of keeping on and passing to windward of Molokai. But we were fooled. Commodore Wilder evidently had intentions of going to leeward but he held up and followed us.

Hawaii Goes to Windward.

Before the Concord had passed half way across the mouth of the channel the Hawaii had hauled her luff and was directly under our lee, gaining on us like a railroad train. She had both topsails and fisherman's staysail set with jib topsail and the cloud of canvas, hauled and sheeted close, gave her the appearance of a beautiful white bird swimming lightly on the crest of the waves.

She had some work to do to run under our lee but she did it and everybody aboard the Concord felt relieved when they saw that the clever man at the wheel aboard the Hawaii had turned the trick.

Once round the easterly end of Molokai both the Concord and Hawaii slacked sheets and the latter set her squaresail. Then she gained on us and darkness fell with a ghostly thing flitting ahead of us and the Luka and Kamehameha both well astern, the former keeping too far to windward.

We picked up the Settlement light soon after dark and then one or two rain squalls made their appearance on the weather horizon. Meanwhile some of us had hauled mattresses on deck and were watching the topsails between snores.

I heard something about going wing and wing and then realized that something was doing when I heard Captain Plitz call for "mainsail haul." The mainsail was jibed over and we went scooting along with the after sail out to starboard and the foresail out to port.

Mainsail Taken Aback.

For some time we ploughed through the water at a great speed. It was soothing to feel the gentle lift of the stern of her and hear the rushing of the water past her lee. I was awaked by a yell from somebody who shouted "Stand by mainsail boom tackle." I looked up and saw that the huge mainsail which had been swelling before the wind had suddenly been taken aback by a squall that came directly from off shore.

It was a terrifying experience for a few seconds. The mass of canvas, held only by a light tackle, swelled and pulled backwards until it seemed certain that something must give way or we should capsize. But the helmsman let her come up to the wind a trifle and soon the big sail was shuddering and grousing like a disgruntled hound. Then the mainsail was jibed over to the other side and we were glad to dive below and get out of the rain that had come with the squall. Admiral Beckley snored, Prince Cupid smiled and the steward told us that the ice chest was still safe.

Looking for a Light.

From that time until we picked up Diamond Head light we amused ourselves by looking for a red light. But the Hawaii was too far ahead to show any port sign and she passed the spar buoy some twenty minutes ahead of us.

Daylight was booming up behind Tantalus and round Diamond Head as we approached the harbor and there was much joy when we descried the Hawaii and actually passed her coming into the harbor.

Both boats made a very pretty landing, coming alongside opposite sides of the slips near the foot of Fort street. Then everybody went ashore. Some to sleep, some to go to work, but everybody to spread the news of the Hawaii's victory and of the best yachting event ever pulled off in these waters.

A REMEDY THAT NEVER FAILS.

No matter how severe an attack of diarrhoea may be, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy never fails to give relief. You cannot afford to be without it. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

WEEDING OUT THE ROOSEVELT APPOINTEES AT WASHINGTON

By Ernest G. Walker.

(Mail Special to the Advertiser.)

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The distinct Rooseveltians in office are rapidly dispersing to private life. There is panic among them accordingly. They are seeing the handwriting on the wall at least. And yet, such a change is nothing more than was reasonably to be expected. President Roosevelt gradually eliminated the distinguished McKinleyites.

As a matter of fact there is little difference in the practices of Presidents about putting men of their own type and following into office. While a President is the leader of his party, he stands forth almost invariably as the representative of some particular faction of that party. He wants men of his own faith at the helm. A Democratic President puts in Democrats, a Republican President, Republicans. But the change in tenure is almost as certain when a Republican President succeeds a Republican President.

Roosevelt was not abrupt in displacing the McKinleyites. Of course he came in as President for the term for which McKinley had been elected and did not feel like asserting himself about appointments, as does one who had been elected in his own right. Taft came in in his own right and therefore has been at liberty to make his own selections. He has not hastened about displacing Rooseveltians but he has proceeded so steadily and unerringly that incumbents are no longer cherishing illusions about what is in store for them.

Natural as such a development is, it is significant of Taft's intention to be President himself. A President must have a large body of loyal men throughout the country. Some choose to call it a machine. Roosevelt had his and, after the old Hanna-McKinley brand, had been eliminated, a most loyal machine it was. Roosevelt knew how to build up an organization and how to maintain it.

President Taft started upon a distinctive policy in the choice of his cabinet. Only two of the men, who have ever sat with him in the Roosevelt cabinets, are around his own cabinet table. One of them is Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who came over from the McKinley administrations. The other is Secretary of the Navy Meyer, who has been placed in the most difficult of cabinet positions and is believed in Washington to be making good. Ex-Postmaster General R. J. Wynne, distinctly identified with the Roosevelt administrations, was dropped out the other day as Consul General at London. Assistant Secretaries in the Department have been gradually displaced and the axe is hanging over the heads of others. This is not necessarily a reflection upon the retiring officials. Most of them have been fairly efficient. A few have not been. But there were other men, more closely identified with

the Taft campaigns for nomination and election. True, President Roosevelt was the great foreman in that campaign and his lieutenants were on the watchtowers for Taft. But the new President had his own workers in nearly every state. Recognition of them has been coming slowly, but none the less surely. The original Taft men are coming into their own. Before Theodore Roosevelt returns to America, the administration organization will be manned by officials whose first political allegiance has been and is to Taft, not to Roosevelt.

A great stride in that direction has been effected by the resignation of the Director of the Census, Mr. S. N. D. North. It apparently was not sought for political purposes, as far as the President is concerned. But it was cordially welcomed politically by some of the President's lieutenants. They will be in command over numerous census activities, which does not necessarily mean to the detriment of the service. There will be supervisors of census in every state of the Union. While the enumeration of population will occupy only a month at the outside, the supervisors will hold office for about a year. Much of the time they will have little to do, except to correct errors in accounts and hasten belated returns. Their service will extend over the period of the next congressional election. There will be numerous little ways in which they can be helpful politically.

The weeding out of Rooseveltians in the high departmental places and the nominations of distinctly Taft men in their stead and for good places elsewhere is, on the whole, pleasing to Congress. The leaders hail such evidence as proof of a distinctive Taft administration. They did not like it when Roosevelt proceeded to oust Republicans of the McKinley-Hanna brand. The McKinley-Hanna out are by no means being taken care of now and that is not the cause of rejoicing in Congress. The cordial dislike of Roosevelt has not abated on the hill one jot. It is the passing of Roosevelt's brand of followers from the nomination rosters that pleases. The new men now getting into office are not so much anti-Roosevelt as they are pro-Taft, which, after all, is quite a difference.

Incidentally, the political power of Postmaster General Hitchcock appears to be growing. How much positive influence he has with the President may be open to question. It has yet to be measured. But his influence in preventing seems to be very strong. He is credited with having kept an old time opponent—Elmer Dover, of Ohio and New York—from getting that fat National Bank examinership in New York at \$12,000. Since that episode the men in Washington, who make a business of politics, have been taking some notice of Hitchcock. They had been disposed to ignore him.

PINEAPPLE PRICES TO DROP; EXPLANATION FROM HAWAII

Los Angeles Express.—That pineapples will be cheaper this summer than for several seasons was the prediction made today by C. S. Marston of Marston & Martin, fruit dealers. Mr. Marston has just received a communication from Byron O. Clark, one of the largest growers in the Hawaiian Islands, which describes a peculiar condition in the pineapple market there.

"The financial depression of last year curtailed the demand for pineapples and destroyed the market for the fruit," said Mr. Marston. "Consequently, a large number of the growers found themselves with their money tied up in canned pineapples, as the crop was large last year, and a great many growers canned heavily on the prospect of a good market."

"These growers now have large stocks of canned fruit on their hands; their funds are tied up in the banks, and the new crop is coming on. There are also a great many new plantations just coming into bearing. If a mar-

ket is not found for the canned and the fresh fruit, the growers will stand heavy losses."

"To relieve the situation, an extensive advertising campaign is now being carried on in Eastern newspapers in the hope of stimulating interest and creating a market for the fruit."

"A steamer left San Francisco today, bringing 150 crates of pineapples to Los Angeles from Honolulu. This is the first shipment of the new fruit and it is expected that large consignments will follow in a week or two."

"Mr. Clark notified me that the oncoming crop will be large and adds that it will not be advisable to contract for our fruit, as the supply will be heavy and prices low."

"Pineapples have been scarce and of poor quality between seasons. They are now selling at the high price of 8 to 9 cents a pound wholesale, and are hard to obtain at the price."

"There is every reason to believe that pineapples will sell as low as 4 to 6 cents a pound, or even lower, before the summer season closes."

Strike News Is Bad in Yokohama Newspapers

About a week ago a cablegram was received here from W. R. Castle, who is traveling in Japan, asking for information in regard to the strike situation. At that time the situation was favorable to what appeared an early settlement of the difficulties, and his correspondents here so cabled. Yesterday they received a cablegram from Mr. Castle, again asking for additional information, and inquiring whether a change had taken place in the situation, as the news received at Yokohama "was bad." A long cablegram will be forwarded to him, as he may be able to place the matter properly before some of the Japanese officials while he is in Yokohama and Tokio.

HONOLULU MAN DISCOVERS VALUABLE SECRET IN CUBA

Owing to political disagreements Prof. J. T. Crawley, at one time connected with one of the big fertilizing corporations of Honolulu, and more recently in charge of the United States Experiment Station in Cuba, severed his connection with the institution a few weeks after the American evacuation of the island this year, and is now at the head of a large tobacco producing company.

The United States wished Prof.

Crawley to remain with the institution which he had established, but as the Cubans, in taking over the power, made things rather disagreeable for him, he resigned. He had, however, learned a valuable secret while working at the station. A certain combination of fertilizers applied to tobacco producing ground gave an immense yield and fine quality of leaf. Further experiments bore out the first and Mr. Crawley is now preparing to raise tobacco which is expected to revolutionize present growing methods.